THE

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THUS WITH A FAITHFUL AIM, HAVE WE PRESUM'D,
ADVENT'ROUS TO DELINEATE NATURE'S FORM;
WHETHER IN VAST, MAJESTIC POMP ARRAY'D
OR DREST FOR PLEASING WONDER, OR SERENE
IN BEAUTY'S ROSY SMILE. *AKENSIDE.*

VOL. V. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1805. | No. 14.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

THE AMERICAN IDLER.

NO. VI.

When Atheists sap religion's throne,
And faction lights the fire of hell;
Midst a lost country's dying groan,
The shudd'ring thought on thee shall dwell.

The reader is left to form his own conclusions respecting the following essay.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

Conscious of being yet but a plebian in the republic of literature, I advance with no small degree of fearful apprehension in the prosecution of that part of this periodical paper which the persuasions of friendship have inlisted, rather than a belief on my part, that any thing which I may be able to contribute to its existence, will enhance its value in the estimation of the reader—but when I reflect that ere these productions pass through the ordeal of public scrutiny, they undergo the inspection of the IDLER, to whose candour and judgment I commit them, certain that he will not encourage the publication of an essey that might injure the character of his correspondent. But to proceed to the subject of my letter, without further apology.

The result of my small observation has confirmed the opinion, that until we are about to loose a favourite object, we seldom duly appreciate its worth, or see the csuse which is working its destruction, in the heinous shape of an enemy, before it has performed the sad office of separation. At the present time, I believe we may attribute our perilous situation in a political sense, to various radical evils, which bad we supposed would, have been likely to produce such effects; doubtless an early application of remedy, would have been, a subject of attention. I do not wish this to be considered as an essay originating from party views; I hope its general tendency will prove the contrary—my motive is merely to shew what I have believed to be prime mover in this engine of corruption, which has almost imperceptibly gained an ascendency amongst us. Virtue, is absolutely requisite for the maintainance of the government under which we live—but we are now so unfortunate as to be obliged to mourn over this departing palladium of our rights, in that our wisdom has proven superior to our virtue; the collected strength of the former, under the direction of proper moral restraints, compiled those unexampled institutions, which have rendered us prosperous and happy—But the recent absence of the latter, leaves them tottering, without their best support—Let us enquire the cause, and endeavour to discover, wherein we have missed that all important ingredient to the continuance of our felicity.

"Has it not been the spirit of party?" This demon governed by the mad ravings of political partizans, has rushed into the temples of Legislation, and with unhallowed step, approached the sanctuary of Justice—Virtue has been insulted, and in the confused noise, her admonitions have passed unregarded into air. I shield, no party from a portion of this stigma, both have been instrumental, in producing the present sorrowful state of things.

Party spirit (I will maintain the ground) has driven virtue from that distinguished rank, which she lately held—and which has rendered her of but secondary consequence.

It is not my intention to discuss the merits of contending parties, yet ask leave to declare myself on the part of that Constitution, under the administration of which we have enjoyed every blessing, that any government could bestow. But to proceed.

A respect for virtue, would have taught us moderation, and true wisdom; with them are combined the essentials of good government; but sorrowful is the reflection, that every artifice has been resorted to, and the unsuspecting have been inlisted under the banners of faction—The persuasions of men that have always maintained a neutral position, who foresaw the event, which has at length arrived, were spurned with contempt, their entreaties considered as detestable by every man who stands the champion of any political opinion; we would now be willing to do every thing in our power to check this monster in his wild career, but alas! it would seem as impossible as that of a straw to impede the swift passage of the whirlwind.

Such are the effects of party spirit, such the destiny of that people, who, at the altar of faction sacrifice the genius of virtue.—May that kind Providence, whose unerring administration, directs all things for great and wise purposes, watch over us for good, and continue to this people peace and prosperity, is the sincere prayer of

Your's, &c.

STUDIOSUS.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

REFLECTIONS.

NO VI.

How pleasing is it when years have whitened our heads, to be able to retire, and reflect on those actions of humanity and benificence that we have performed in the course of our days! Of all that we now are, there will then nought remain but the sensation of having been virtuous, or the shame and torment of vice.

The common contrivances of cunning, put one in mind of the preservative instinct, I have observed sometimes in beasts, which lays a plot that is extemely artful, and well conceived in many parts, but at the same time left so open in some one, that it is perfectly easy for superior intelligence to see and understand the whole complication of the contrivance.

The bad side of poverty is not the want of money for ourselves, but for other people, for how trifling is the mortification of self denial, compared to that of being obliged to the ungenerous, or disappointing the worthy! and how can either be avoided by the generous indigent man?

A very small offence may be a just cause of great resentment; it is often much less the particular instance which is obnoxious to us, than the proof it carries with it of the general tenor and disposition of the mind from whence it sprung.

It is not enough that you can form, nay and follow, the most excellent rules for conducting yourself in the world, you must also know where to deviate from them, and where lies the exception.

We should do by our cunning, as we do by our courage, always have it in readiness to defend ourselves, never to offend others.

There are qualities which are quite unobserved in one situation, by the very people who would admire them in another, where certain advantageous circumstances serve as glasses to assist their sight.

Men sometimes arraign faults in others which they have not *sense* or virtue enough to be guilty of themselves, you may be distant from the point of right by *stopping short* as well as going beyond it.

One great reason why virtue is so little practised, is its being so little understood.

The review of good or bad qualities in others, is, perhaps, equally pleasing: the bad ones administer some comfort to our vanity; and malice enjoys the most agreeable pastime in scrutinizing the good ones, in order, if possible, to deny that title.

Inferiority is seldom a bar to the sincerest friendship, but superiority proves an insurmountable barrier.

Nature delights in ease: now condescendence is a relief to that stiffness and formality we are obliged to put on, when we assert our self estimation; but when we descend to our inferiors, it is like throwing off our armour, and resuming the more convenient dress.

It is often said that second thoughts are best: it were better, perhaps, to say, that thinking was best, as the generality of those to whom the proverb is applicable, are such as seldom or never think, before they proceed to action.

Z

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

THE REGISTER.

NO. IV.

POPULAR POETRY OF THE ESTHONIANS.

(*Concluded.*)

X. A wedding-song. The good luck of a girl brought up in the mansion-house of the estate, with the nobleman's family, who is probably to be married to one of the upper servants, is here celebrated. "Thou knowst thy station, where thou safely sleepest: but we, thy parents,—(it was doubtless in war time,) we know not where we shall sleep. Perhaps the morass or the field will be our death-bed."

Worsted-stockings are, it seems, quite a luxury. The female boors wear narrow aprons. Broad aprons therefore, contrariwise, denote "riches."

Hark, my maid, my little bride!
Thou grewest up in the nobleman's room,
In a room where people go in worsted stockings,
Amongst worsted-stocking company—
Where there are large windows,
On the floors of the folks with broad aprons,
In a great stone house.—
The Riga flints do not spoil thy feet,
Nor the Russian bloody swords wound thee
Nor the turkish fiery darts.
The lord of the manor was thy father,
The lady thy mother,
The lord's daughters thy sisters,
His sons thy half-brothers.
There thou knewest where thou didst grow, up,
Knewest the life thou leddest,
Knewest the place where thou shouldst sleep.
The goose knows not the place,
The duck knows not the little place
Where it shall fall down to die.
I perhaps shall die in the bog,
Left to perish upon the earth,
Or beathe out my life upon the hay-mow.

XI. Bridal sonnet. A man in boots comes up to a German. The boor goes in a kind of slipper made of rush-matting, tied fast to his feet by packthread.

Yerven is held to be the most fertile province of Esthonia. The condition of the peasants here is, in general, better than in the other circles. Hence the luxury of a cocked-hat.—The maiden flatters herself with the hopes of marrying a German, consequently to one above her rank, but at length gets nothing better than a boor from Yerven. Now to the song itself.

Hark, my maid, my little bride!
As thou grewest up in the house,
Thou wentest life a swan in the snow,
Like a grey goose in the hedge,
Thou washedst thy hair in the waters of the lake,
And thine eyes with the suds of white soap,
Thou thoughtest to conquer a man with boots;
And to get thee one with a handsome hat.
Thou scornedst the eager youth
As the vilest slaves of Vierland,
For one cocked-hat from Yerven—
And this is the man whose locks thou didst comb
And use every art to win.

XII. Nuptial song.

Young maid, young woman!
When thou grewst up in the house,
Thou wert precious as gold at home,
As silver in the father's hoard,
As copper in thy brother's treasure.
But now, my Marichen, thou goest to a stranger's abode,
There thou wilt come like a fish to a different shore,
Like a duck to a different place,
I know not whether to praise or to blame thee,
Whether thou there wilt be valued so much as the earth
Over which the geese so rapidly run,
Or as much ground as a sparrow can stand on.

XIII. Another; shewing the best way of pleasing the new parents, and of gaining their favour. But again, how sarcastic is it throughout!

Young maiden, young woman!
Get up betimes in the morning,
Be stirring before the sun!
Go then and milk the cow,
And stroke her between the horns.
Findest thou that the cow has a calf—
Then make it known to the mother-in-law first,
Findest thou a lamb with a white forehead,
Shew it kindly to the brother-in-law.—
So will the mother-in-law give the praise,
So will the father-in-law give the praise,
The sisters-in-law will smile upon thee,
The brother-in-law will tell it in the village.
Then thou'lt be called a clever woman,
The daughter of a clever girl,
An excellent woman brought thee forth,
An excellent woman rocked thy cradle,
And happy he that has married thee.

I have given what I recollected, while I was among these people, without pretending as I said at first, to equal them with the songs of the deathless bards. Nevertheless, the unprejudiced reader will discover several artless beauties in one or other of them, and the investigator of mankind will get insight into the genius of the nation.

For such as can discern no traces of delicate sentiments in them, for such as have observed no poignant stokes of sarcasm in these specimens of national poesy; for such as do not conclude from them, that, with better usage, greater culture, and a little allowance of liberty, we might expect this nation to produce beautiful pieces in the various deparments of poetry; and that then the delightful and melodious language of this people, by a greater cultivation and a freer scope, would be rendered more and more melodious and delightful—for them I did not write down these specimens, either in their original or in a translation. The seeming harshness of several vowels striking on one another in this language, entirely vanishes when heard with its nuances from the mouth of an Esthonian.

H.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following works are proposed to be published by subscription.

By Charles Cist—The Gospel its own Witness: or, the holy nature and divine harmony of the Christian Religion, contrasted with the immorality and absurdity of Deism. By Andrew Fuller, D. D. 1v. 12mo.

By Samuel Akerman—A work entitled Melancholy, as it proceeds from the disposition and habit, the passion of Love, and the influence of Religion. "This volume is intended to convince youth of both sexes, that a life abandoned to an intemperate pursuit of pleasure, however pleasing it may at first appear, destroys the sense of rational enjoyment, deadens the faculties of the mind, weakens the functions of the body, corrupts both the moral and intellectual system, creates a disgusting apathy and languor, and ends in Habitual Melancholy: That the romantic attachment of the sexes, which is denominated *heroic love*, endangers the interests of virtue, destroys those sentiments on which alone *the conjugal union* can be safely formed; leads at first to disappointment and vexation, and ends at last in certain misery: and that Atheism, Idolatry, Superstition, Infidelity, and every other erroneous species of devotion, beguile their followers into the deepest snares of vice, afflict their souls with all the horrors a wounded conscience can inspire, and at last sink them into the lowest abyss of despair. But while it describes the poisons, it administers the antidotes, by shewing, not austerely, but in a lively and pleasant manner, that health of body, and perfect serenity of mind, may, amidst all the pleasures, and under all the adversities and vicissitudes of life, be completely preserved by a life devoted to the practice of *real virtue*, and *true religion*."

MISCELLANY.

JULIA GONZAGA.

(Continued from page 100.)

The fair sex have been compared to the vine, which cannot support itself without some substantial prop. Lewis, the brother of Julia, and spouse of her step-daughter Isabella, was forced to quit them both on account of his military vocation. Scarcely was he gone in compliance with his orders, when Ascanio Colonna, by force and stratagem, made himself master of the towns of Palliano and Genazzano, with all the estates which had belonged to her deceased husband in Campagna di Roma; and obliged the forlorn Julia to retire with Isabella, to her Neapolitan domains. Here they made the town of Fondi the place of their abode; where Isabella, in the year 1531. brought the famous Vespasiano Gonzaga into the world. At the same time death ravished from her, her brother the Cardinal Pirro, her principal support at the court of Rome; and, shortly afterwards, deprived her of her protector and deliverer, her other brother Lewis. The Pope recalled him from the Imperial service, and dispatched him, as captain-general, with his troops, to quell the tumults excited by the seditious Napoleone Orsini. He routed him at Vicovaro, and took from him that strong-hold; but died there a few days afterwards, of a wound had he received in the rencontre. Julia was inconsolable on the loss of him. Bernardo Tasso, the father of Torquato*, and other poets, vied with each other in dispelling her sorrows, by poems of various kinds; but this was a wound that admitted of no cure by the charms of poetry.

She was still bewailing at Fondi the irreparable loss of her brother Lewis, while cruel fortune was preparing for her a more severe affliction. The Turks were then at war with the Christians. Barbarossa, the admiral of the Turkish fleet, found means in the month of September, 1533, to come upon the Italian coast without meeting any resistance. The fame of the rare beauty of Julia Gonzaga had penetrated even to the Ottoman Port. Barbarossa formed the design of carrying her off as a prize for Solyman his master. He landed two thousand Turks in the confines of Procida and Spelunca, who were conducted by some Neapolitan renegadoes, across the desert mountains, quite to Fondi. No intimation was had of their approach, till, about an hour before day, they presented themselves beneath the walls of the fortress. They had already forced the gates, and were hastening, like wolves, to the palace where Julia dwelt. Roused from sleep by the piteous cry of the amazed inhabitants, she sprung upon a horse with the utmost alacrity, and passing through a secret postern, escaped to the neighbouring mountains. The Turks examined every corner of the palace and the town, carried every thing away they could meet with, and omitted no species of cruelty on the inhabitants, on seeing their scheme defeated. In the mean time the half-naked Julia was scampering over hill and dale, in the cold and dismal gloom of day-break, like a hunted deer, which, at every motion of the bushes, seems to feel the murderous teeth of the dogs in her haunches. It is highly probable, that, attended by a few of her most trusty servants, she hid herself in some covert, till they could procure her a decent dress, and convey her in safety to one of the fortresees in those parts.

Julia Gonzaga had attracted universal attention, as well by her princely rank as her personal merits. An occurrence that so nearly concerned her honour, would not, if the inhabitants of Fondi had certain accounts of it, have been concealed between the walls of that town, till Brantome came there so long afterwards.

The Cardinal Ippolito de Medici was lately returned from Germany, whither he had been sent by his uncle Pope Clement VII. As soon as the news of the landing of the Turks was brought to Rome, the Pontiff sent him, with a chosen body of soldiers, to drive them back. We may easily imagine that this brave warrior would not neglect a moment to avenge himself of these robbers, who had not only plundered the possessions of his dear friend, but had likewise laid wait for her personal liberty and honour. The Turks, however, got intimation of his coming, and made off with all

* *He wrote at that time the elegant poem which he entitled Selva.*

possible speed. The Cardinal had the satisfaction, which to him was perhaps of more value than a Roman triumph, of carrying Julia back with him to Fondi.

Amongst the courtiers that accompanied him, were the poets Molza and Porrino; who, captivated with Julia's singular endowments, began now to praise her in their poems. At the request of the Cardinal, Molza invented an emblematical figure, which was a perfect resemblance of the Princess, the representation of the morning-star, with the device taken from Horace: Micat inter omnes Julium sidus. Porrino had, at this time, the good fortune to be taken into her service. How happy he thought himself on that account, the following verses testify:

Io che non vissi riposato un' ora
Gran tempo a i colpi di fortuna segno,
Or lei sprezando e del suo regno fora
Non e piu che mi offenda ira ne sdegno,
Poiche mi fe del suo numero eletto
La bella donna che mi scalda il petto.

Julia thenceforward lived sometimes at Fondi, and sometime at Trajetto, but let her be where she would, she was ever visited by persons of the finest talents; who universally admired her qualities both of heart and mind. Bernard Tasso stopped at her palace, on his journey to Salerno, to enter on his office under the Prince of that place. On this occasion it was that he was wrapt in that lofty transport wherein he composed the beautiful poem in her praise, which is seen in the collection of his smaller poems.

But no one was so assiduous in his visits as the Cardinal Ippolito de Medici. He thought he could not live without her. That at least he might have her likeness in his house, he caused her picture to be drawn by Sebastiano del Piombo. This portrait, according to the judgment of Raphael Borghini, was one of the finest productions of that celebrated artist. On the death of the Cardinal, it was presented to Francis I. king of France, who placed it in the palace of Fontainbleu. Molza and Porinno exhausted the powers of their poetic genius in singing its praises, or rather those of its original.

(To be continued.)

A SCHOOLMASTER.

A favourite author observes,

From monkish ignorance the land was free'd,
And even country school-masters could read.

This is an oblique insinuation, that very few can read at present. But however this may be verified on this side of the water, it is quite different in Ireland. For there the masters are all of the most consummate erudition. The following is an instance.

Father M'Tutor'em, of the parish of O' Prosody, in the county of Docemus, sits himself down the *monarch* of a *shed*, to teach the little puny whipsters the Christ-cross-row, so as to make the most lasting impression. He has all the little fry for five miles round, whose fathers can afford to give five coppers a week for their education.

There was a little Dermont, little Phelim, Terence M'Bluderoch, and Paddy O'Drogheda, &c. &c.

Father M'Tutor'em called, in this manner, upon the last new comer, who, be it known, knew as much of the alphabet as he did of the longitude.

"You little O'Shocknessey, come hither with yourself. Bring your primmer in your hand, and your coppers in your fist. Blow your nose, and hold up your head like a man Arrah! don't be hunting after the flies across the ceiling; but cock your eye and look strait at hour book; that you may shoot every word flying.

"You see that letter that looks, for all the world, like the gable end of your father's cabin, with a beam across the middle of it: that is called A—agusee A; and the letter, the next door neighbour, is namesake to the little gentleman that sucks the flowers, fills the honey pots, and carrys a d——n long sting in his tail; that is Mr. B. and B stands for blubberlip. Arrah now, what makes you pout out your lip so? Tuck in the selvage of your mouth, blow your nose, and hold up your head like a man. The next is, for all the world, like the sign of the half-moon, where Judy Mac Gluthery sells whiskey; and that is called C, and C stands for Cobler or Coblers. And you see the next, that is, for all the world, like the broken handle of a pair of snuffers; and that is called D, and stands for daughter; agusee Cobler's Daughter; agusee, Blubberlip Cobler's Daughter. And the next is called E; which the English flats, bodderation to 'em, call E E, as if there were two of them. By my conscience, they might as well say *cheek* handkerchief, instead of *check* handkerchief, though it was only made for the nose—That's true! Blow your nose once more. And that next you see, that's like a gibbet, with a little plug half way up, for the hangman to put his foot on. Heaven bless you my dear, and keep your mother's child from the like of it my jewel. That is called F; and F stands for five. Arrah, now, and what's the next letter to F?"

"I don't know."

"Arrah, now, why don't you know?"

"Becase I can't tell."

"Now you do know, and you can tell. Arrah! what does the carman say, when he wants his horses to go faster?"

"Gee."

"To be sure: and that's the letter G. And if any body should ask which of your *hands* goes *barefoot* for want of a glove, you may say H, which is the same as both; and H stands for Horse or Horses, and I stands for Jockies. Now, my little fellow, agusee Blubberlip, Cobler's Daughter eat up five gingerbread horse-jockies, boots, spurs, whips, buckskin breeches and all. Mercy on us! What a devil of a twist!

"Now I've taught you one third of your lesson, and I'll teach you the other two halves when you have knocked that under your skull cap. And then my jewel, I'll tell you how to spell. Arrah, but spelling is reading itself, my dear honey; for instance now, in the word Constantinople, which, I believe, if my recollection don't fail me, is that great city, my, dear, of which Turkey is the metropolis, where the Grand Turk keeps a whole regiment of *Januaries*, who, mercy on us, are devils of fellows at a *March*. But you'll know more of these things by and by, when you read history, my little fellow. You'll find also, if the Turks have their *Januaries*, the Romans had their *Decembers*, and their *Augusts*, and their *July* Cæsars. But now to spell the word Constantinople. my dear, C, O, N, *Con*—that's the *Con*; S, T, A, N, *stan*—that's the *stan*, and the *Constan*; T, I, *ti*—that's the *ti*, and the *stanti*, and the *Constanti*; N, O, *no*—that's the *no*, and the *tino*, and the *stantino*, and the *Constantino*; P, L, E—that's the *ple*, and the *nople*, and the *tinople*, and the *stantinople*, and the *Constantinople*. Now run home with yourself, before the *spallp'eens* and the *coughorns* eat up the pratees and butter-milk, my jewel.

"Where's your manners? Make your bow. Oh, you will be a Clargy one of these days!"

THE CHINESE DRAMA.

Dramatis Personæ.

Thaye, a Mandarin.
Hucoun, Father of the Mandarin.
Atalatay, Mother of the Mandarin.
Acina, First Wife of the Mandarin.
Alaya, Second Wife of the Mandarin, and Mother of Siou-ye.

Aouana, a female Servant.
Atay-Moncon, an old Servant of the House.
Siou-ye, Son of the Mandarin.
Ouong-tsou, a Messenger of the Emperor.
Mutes.
The Suite of the Mandarin.
Sailors employed in the *champanes.*

The duration of the action comprises an interval of eighteen years.

All the speaking characters of the piece appear in it successively, and at different intervals.

ACT I.

THAYE, a Mandarin of letters, has two wives. The second (Alaya) is brought to bed of a son called *Siou-ye*. On occasion of this birth, a grand feast is given in the house of the Mandarin. The relations who compose the family, repair to it to bless the child, and to partake of the common joy.

During this festival, which lasts many days, there comes an order to the Mandarin from the emperor, who, informed of his great merit and his talents, invites him to court.

The Mandarin, wishing to obey, assembles all his family, among which appear his father and mother. He communicates to them the order of the sovereign, and his design to conform to it as soon as possible. His two wives and his relations appear very much alarmed at this departure; but he consoles them, and gives counsels and instructions to his wives and domestics. He maintains, in a discourse, the necessary obligation which he lies under to serve the monarch and his country with all his might, and to be faithful to them.

Then his father, a venerable old man, strongly recommends to him a faithful regard to his duties. He exhorts him never to deviate from the path of honour and virtue, the only one which can lead to renown and render him worthy to please the Divinity.

After this discourse which the Mandarin hears in an upright posture, because a son in China never sits down before his father, he prostrates himself at the feet of the authors of his days, and, with his head bent under, implores their benediction; which they give him, each being seated, and in a tone breathing somewhat of majesty. The father especially impresses veneration; but the mother also lets fall expressions of her tenderness and sensibility.

Thaye rises, thanks his parents, and parts from them, as well as from his wives, with marks of reciprocal attachment. His last movement of regret is for his old domestic *Atay*, and for his female servant *Aouana*; to whom he recommends obedience and submission towards their two mistresses, the care of whatever concerns the house, and, above all, attachment to his son, during his own absence. He promises them to supply their wants.

[*Exit.... The curtain falls.*

ACT II.

After a space of four or five years without any news from the Mandarin, whose father and mother are dead, and the family in the greatest uneasiness, the two wives become very discontented. They deliberate together, and form the project to abandon the house of their husband, and go, while they are yet young and beautiful, to seek a better destiny, persuaded that the Mandarin has perished in an expedition with which it was said the emperor had charged him.

Having well concerted their design, and being firmly decided in their resolution to execute it, they impart the same to the old domestic, as well as to *Aouana*. These last express the greatest astonishment, and a just indignation at the shame with which these two wives would cover their master, or his manes, if he be really dead. Both these two faithful domestics address the strongest representations to the two wives. They draw an energetic picture of the sublime sentiments with which chastity inspires the women in China; but their cares are of no avail, they only obtain from those degraded women a smile of disdain.

Aouana, who is touched still more by this inflexibility, runs, takes up the infant and presents it to its mother, as a bond which ought to attach her forever to the house of her husband. She conjures her to have compassion at least on her own blood, and not to complete the disgrace of both the son and the father by an insensate desertion.

The two wives, already seduced by the idea which they had conceived of a liberty without bounds, persevere in their project. The mother rejects the child she has given birth to, and stifling in her heart the sweetest sentiments of nature, recommends it in a tone of raillery to the faithful cares of *Aouana*. These two vagabonds, constantly mocking the two domestics, take their jewels and clothes which they had already packed up, and quit the house, bidding an adieu to *Atay* and *Aouana*, which serves to complete their distress and despondency.

After having given bitter tears to this fatal event, these two valuable servants, finding it was impossible to remedy it, mutually encourage each other; and at the instant when their soul is bowed down with grief, they swear to consecrate the remainder of their strength to labour for the relief of their necessities, and those of the innocent infant of their worthy master, and above all to furnish him with the means of devoting himself to the study of letters. The second act terminates with this laudable design.

ACT III.

The Child has arrived at its Thirteenth Year.

The curtain rises, and we see old *Atay* busily employed in making straw sandals, the only trade which he knows.

Aouana is sitting near a table covered with garments, and is sewing very diligently.

The old domestic sings at his labour the melancholy history of his master, and with so much sensibility, that at last his eyes are suffused, and tears run down his cheeks. To shew courage, he wipes his tears, and affects to laugh, as if to reproach his pusillanimity.

Aouana then speaks to him and observes how sweet and consoling it is for a virtuous soul to fulfil its duties, because the gods never withdraw their benefits from those who love to execute them. She goes on to express all their happiness in having succeeded for as many years not only in escaping misery, but in having procured instruction for their young master, who is making such progress, that he will assuredly become a man of rare merit, and be induced from gratitude to take care of their extreme old age. This discourse consoles and re-animates the good *Atay*. He shows *Aouana* his pair of sandals finished, and says he is going to sell them, or rather exchange them for some lamp-oil, by the light of which they were accustomed to labour very far in the night.

At the moment in which the old man is about to set out, arrives young *Siou-ye* from his college, with books under his arm. He salutes *Atay* with an affecting and ingenuous air, who carresses him with eulogiums and encouragements. He then goes towards the table where *Aouana* is at work, and salutes her as if she was his mother. He lays his books on the table, and places himself beside her.

(To be continued.)

EUGENIO.

(Continued from page 102.)

SIR,

No man rivals me in the affections of my wife with impunity; and he who has so done, and refuses to give me satisfaction with his sword, is a coward as well as a villain. How far you have gone with Mrs.——— I do not trouble myself with enquiring; it is enough for me that you have, somehow or other, robbed her of her peace and health. That Love is a poison, I never was so convinced as now; for no serpent's juice could more effectually have destroyed the lady whom you have chosen for the object of your mischievous passion. If you have any of the feelings of a gentleman, you will not refuse to meet me at——Coffee house, on Monday at twelve o'clock, to fix the time, place, and manner, in which we shall settle our difference.

'As every thing in this life has its consolation, so is despair itself not without it, in its privilege of exemption from fear. I felt at that moment so little interested by any thing that this existence could promise me, that I would have gladly quitted it to follow my benefactress. But another consideration startled me: my despair was bounded to the objects of this world, and I had still ever before my eyes the most awful fears of eternity. My late sickness, and subsequent sorrows, had deepened every religious impression which education had made on my mind; and my conscience was not now to be satisfied with the sophistry of the passions, and with arguments drawn from the unauthorised principles of a fictitious honour. But the misfortune is, that where conscience is unsatisfied, she cannot always enforce her claims; and so unripe at this period was my philosophy, that all she could obtain of me was a secret resolution not to spill the blood of my adversary. A long course of years, spent in the admiration of military achievments, and in the nourishment of those captivating prejudices which the language of honour inspires, could not at once submit to a new yoke, although that yoke be easy, and that burden light.

'I was at the coffee-house which had been named, at the hour appointed. The husband of my benefactress was there. He was a person of a gentlemanly figure, and mettlesome carriage: there was something, however, of the plebian cast in the turn of his features, about which one might doubt, till the tone of his voice confirmed it. His eye was full of fire; but it did not burn clear, as from the furnace of a fine understanding; and his manner was precipitate, without the vivacity which results from a quickness of feeling and comprehension. In short, he was not the man whom nature had intended for her whose bed he had filled, whose bed he had dishonoured, and for whom he was going to fight with her friend that had done him no wrong. I found him much too obtuse for any arguments to enter his brain, or interest his sensibility, which humanity or religion sould supply, against the crime we were going to commit: he answered them from the common places of honour and character, and persisted in his first resolutions. It was decided that we should meet on the morrow evening, in a field at the back of this gentleman's house, which was situated at one of the extremities of the town. The whole of the preceding night I spent in a most unphilosophical temper of mind: my spirits fluctuated amidst a thousand hopes and fears respect-in that eternity I was probably going to experience. I cared not a great deal for what the sword could do to my body, but I shuddered at the damage it might do to my soul; and I trembled at the criminalty of affording to a fellow creature an opportunity of committing murder.

'It was by moon-light, in one of those evenings of autumn when the chilling damps of the air, and the caducity of nature, deepen the gloom of a melancholy mind, and strengthen melancholy resolutions, that we met at the place appointed. I was alone, but my adversary had his surgeon and second. As I stood on the spot on which we were to engage, I cast my eyes sorrowfully towards the house, and beheld the window of the little study in which I first visited the unhappy object of our quarrel. At that instant the shutters opened, the gleaming light of a taper appeared in the room; and in a moment after, the form of a female glided rapidly across the opening. I had no time to give way to the horrors which rushed into my mind at this mournful sight; my adversary's sword was drawn, and any more delay would have looked like fear. I drew mine also; determined, however, to act only on the defensive, and, if possible, to disarm my enemy. This I was able to effect without much difficulty, as fencing had been one of the favourite exercises of my youth.

'Near the spot where we fought, there was a grove of trees, among which the wind was making a mournful noise, while the leaves were whirling in eddies about us. My adversary's weapon lay on the ground, and I knew that, under our present circumstances, my superior skill might not avail me if he recovered it. I felt, however, so overpowered by my situation, that I stood still while he stooped to take up his sword. At that moment I thought I heard a thick panting among the trees:—my mind misgave me, and my hand lost its vigour, In the mean time my adversary pressed on, and passed his weapon through my sword-arm. Immediately a violent shriek issued from the spot where the panting was heard; and suddenly the form of her on whose account my blood was flowing, stood before us. The dear unhappy lady staggered into my arms, and could only pronounce my unfortunate name. She was instantly conveyed home, and, as I afterwards learned, breathed her last in a few days after this wretched interview. The physician, by whom I had been attended, had been sent for; and the surgeon, observing my wound to bleed fast, conveyed me to my lodgings. Nothing can be more vain than to attempt a description of such feelings as were mine, long after this melancholy event. The wound in my arm was presently cured: but what can cure the wounds of my heart, but the physician that cures all, the grave? This is the great misfortune of my life: what I have suffered since, I count for nothing in comparison. It is this which has bent down my pride and ambition, and laid to sleep all the fervors of my mind. It is this which has made me the man of melancholy which you see before you; which has, as it were, stripped my soul of its regalia, and taken from me the command of my powers and capacities.

'Notwithstanding, however, the debility of my mind, in the midst of these misfortunes, I was called forth into a scene very different from those in which I had hitherto acted, and which demanded such exertions as I had been well able to bring to it about two years before this event. My friend the physician, who had always acted towards me with a kindness and generosity that could only have been inspired by the best of women, of whose charities he had been the agent, brought me the news, one morning, of his having procured me a commission in one of the regiments that were then going to serve in Germany. I have before observed to you, that the impressions of my childhood have never been eradicated. I felt a faint revival of the old enthusiasm, not enough to have carried me out of my country, had my country been any longer agreeable to me; but enough to influence a man so far gone in despair, as hardly to have a choice between life and death, and yet so far under the dominion of ancient habits, as to feel a kind of mechanical love

to the soldier's profession. Before I set out on this new career, I had just time to take leave of my parents in the country, whom I found still enamoured of the young stranger whose acquaintance they had just made when I was last at home."

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF THE LATE POPE, PIUS VI.

Pius VI. whose secular name was John Angelo Braschi, was born of a noble but reduced family. Being destined for the church, he received the most liberal education, and was thus qualified to run, with reasonable hope of success, the career of ecclesiastical preferment. His prospects at first were few, and his patronage so insignificant, that no one could have supposed, under these disadvantages, he could ever have arrived at the pontificate. He entered at first the service of cardinal Ruffo, in the capacity of Uditore, a charge, which according to the rights of the Roman court, comprises the three distinct offices of vicar, counsellor and assistant. In this situation he conducted himself with so much sense, probity and zeal, as not only to gain the affection of the cardinal, but to secure to himself the reputation also of being the best informed person in Rome. This generous prelate on his death bed left Braschi, as a mark of his esteem, the continuation of his appointment during life; and such was Braschi's veneration for his patron, that out of respect to his memory, be retained the situation of Uditore, even after he became Pope. On cardinal Ruffo's death, Braschi was appointed to a canonship of St. Peter's: and a few years afterwards he was raised to the rank of a prelate for the economical department of the Roman state. This was only a prelude to his further promotion: for soon after he obtained the purple. In this progressive advancement, he constantly displayed a love of justice, the strictest morality, close application to business, and the most unassuming manners.

Braschi was only 57 years of age when his immediate predecessor, Ganganelli, died; and would never perhaps have succeeded him, had not the sacred college, about this time, been particularly destitute of piety and talents: for these qualifications, therefore, united with a high repute for theoretic acquaintance with government, he was finally approved by his brethren; and proclaimed Pope, under the title of Pius, on the 15th of February, 1775.

Pius VI. on his accession to the papal throne, displayed that sense of dignity, that firmness of mind, and purity of character, which attended him throughout his whole pontificate. He likewise discovered great liberality of mind, in patronizing every useful reform, and beneficial establishment in the state. The first instance of his firmness was evinced in his conduct towards the king of the two Sicilies. His majesty had appointed Monsignor Filangieri, formerly viceroy of Sicily, to the archbishopric of Naples; and as the laws of that metropolis required that the archbishop should be a cardinal, an application was made to his holiness for bestowing on him the purple. Pius returned for answer, that although the laws enacted that a cardinal should be the archbishop, that did not imply that the arch-bishop should become a cardinal; and that his majesty being sensible of such a difference, might have promoted to the archbishopric some one or other of the Neapolitan cardinals residing in Rome, instead of his wishing thus, to assume an indirect authority, to confer one of the greatest dignities of a foreign hierarchy on any of his subjects. He was so firm in this refusal, that it was not long before Mr. Filangieri died, broken-hearted by the consideration, that he should be the sole Neapolitan archbishop deprived of the dignity inherent to his office.

He soon likewise distinguished himself for his prudence in the internal administration of his government. Like some of his predecessors he conceived the idea of draining the marshes, which extended upwards of forty miles, in every direction, round Vellerri, Terracina, and Piperno, so well known under the name of Paludi Pontine. This project which by its extent had discouraged even a Roman emperor, was happily carried into effect by Pius VI. He employed the best engineers in Rome, and went himself regularly every year to inspect the progress of the work. To complete his design, he dug immense canals to receive the water from the marshes; rendering by this means a considerable part of the land fit for husbandry. He constructed also on the side of the canals a large and beautiful road nearly forty miles long, in a straight line, ornamented with four rows of poplars, interspersed with houses of accommodation, and at its termination built likewise a large and elegant palace, the finest perhaps in the Roman state, out of the metropolis. Though murders are said to have been frequent in his reign, yet he certainly was a great promoter of the police of Rome, the management of which was committed to a prelate named Spinelli, the ablest man in this department of his time, and who afterwards became a cardinal. Among his other improvements, it may also be mentioned, that he beautified and heightened the new obelisks, and augmented the Clementine museum founded by his predecessor.

His conduct towards the celebrated Signora N. N. better known from her Arcadia by the name of Corilla, shews him to have been a patron of literature and the fine arts. Having, however, ordered her to be crowned in public, he laid himself open to the censure of the sober part of his subjects. For though Corilla possessed the best talents of any female ever known in Italy, and assuredly was the greatest improvisatrice of her age, yet her character was not of the most immaculate kind.

Pius the Vth, about the year 1767, banished her from Rome. Her return, therefore, under Pius the VIth was rather singular, and gave origin to the following pasquinade:

Plaudite, lascivæ: pepulit vos Quintus ab urbe:
Sub Sexto recipit serta Corilla Pio!

and to another, perhaps worse—

Sextus Alexander, Sextus Tarquinius, idem!
Nunquam sub Sextis, Roma beata fuit!

The first years of the pontificate of Pius VI. were as peaceful as those of any of his predecessors; and if we except some trifling juridical disputes with his Sicilian majesty, which were rendered important more from the chicanery and ambition of the Neapolitan magistrates, than from the wishes of their sovereign, his holiness may be said to have spent the first six years of his reign in the most perfect tranquillity both at home and abroad. In this interval he was chiefly engaged in regulating the internal government of his state, and completing his two favourite projects, that of draining the Pontine marshes, and the erection of the present majestic vestry of St. Peter's. From such a commencement it could little have been expected, that the latter part of his reign would have been one of the most troublesome periods ever recorded in ecclesiastical history; and that he himself should have rivalled in suffering, the most unfortunate of his predecessors.

The death of the empress Maria Theresa, in October 1780, was the first signal of the subsequent distresses of the holysee.

Whilst that prudent and religious sovereign reigned in Germany and Hungary; her own kingdoms, as well as all the catholic countries of Germany, were religiously devoted to the court of Rome. Her son and successor Joseph II. though in some respects a great man, yet in many others prov-

ed the perfect reverse of his mother. Having early in life imbibed the principles of that pernicious philosophy which has brought so many disasters upon Europe, he thought it prudent during his mother's life to hide them as much as possible; but no sooner had he come to the empire, than he behaved like a slave emancipated from his master's dominion. In less than half a year he destroyed almost the whole ecclesiastcal discipline established in his hereditary states, and, what was more disgusting, conducted all his violent innovations in a military and despotic way, accompanied with the most unbounded rapacity, only equalled, perhaps, by that of Henry VIII. Jews were admitted to the rights of citizenship, religious orders suppressed, the secular clergy subjected to lay magistrates, ecclesiastical appeals to the holy see forbidden, the vows of nuns submitted to the authority of diocesan bishops, matrimonial dispensations removed from the court of Rome, and an injunction laid on all Austrian, Hungarian, and Lombard prelates never to accept the dignity of cardinalship. His holiness, alarmed at such an unforseen attack, was too sensible not to see that the bold and innovating example of this powerful monarch, the natural protector of the catholic church, would have a pernicious effect on the other crowned heads of Europe. *(to be continued.)*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

"FOR THE NIGHT COMETH."

The sun beneath the western main
With majesty retires,
His beams no longer warm the plain,
Or gild the lofty spires.

The clouds that skirt the western sky,
In glowing gold are drest,
Whose light reflected from on high,
Flames on the ocean's breast.

"The works of man" are laid aside,
The flocks forsake the plains,
Night spreads her empire far and wide
A solemn silence reigns.

Happy is he whose work is done,
Whose day's not pass'd in vain—
He calmly views the setting sun
Forsake the azure plain.

Not thus, the man who idly spends
The blissful hours of morn,
Him pain or deep remorse attends,
He meets the night, forlorn.

Attend—let not the morning speed,
In idleness away;
One morn alone, to man's decree'd,
His life is but a day.

The night of death at length will come,
Haste then, thy work complete,
The hour that lays thee in the tomb,
That thou in peace may'st meet.

ALFRED.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

LINES,

Addressed to a very amiable but unfortunate young lady, who was early forced by the potent arm of bleakest penury, to appear unfriended on the noisy theatre of life.

Thou lovely plant in virgin pride
That all unshelter'd grows,
Thy modest sweetness, sense and worth
Out-vie the fairest rose.

That breast which now out-shines the day,
First drew the vital air
In fortune's zenith, but alas!
The black'ning storm was near;

Which soon condens'd and willing
Burst on thy infant head,
Destroying all thy future hopes
Them number'd with the dead.

The guardian of thy helpless years,
Oh! sad'ning tale of woe,
Who launch'd thee on the tossing deep
Where tempests ever blow.

E'er yet the blooming rose had spread
Her blushes o'er that face;
Or nature who pronounc'd thee fair
Had finish'd every grace:

Wast thou too dear but luckless maid
Das .'d on the boiling wave,
Of life's tempestuous ocean,
Yet never heard to grieve.

That noble independent soul
In virtue's strong array,
Which shines thro' those expressive eyes
And darkens all the day;

Scorns to complain tho' rudest storms
Relentless o'er thee rave,
Or shrink from that unerring shaft
Which points towards the grave.

Tho' all unshielded as thou art,
Thy canopy the sky;
Creation's ample range alike
Affords thee place to lie.

Yet know the hand that holds thy breath,
And plac'd thee in this dome,
Defends thy ev'ry wand'ring step,
And safe will guard thee home.

And when all pensive and alone
Thou breath'st this tender sigh,
"Oh! for a friend or brother dear,"
Account them both in me.

O.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE AMERICAN IDLER—In the publication of these essays we have, and trust, will continue to be influenced by their literary merits independent of political speculations. This we deem essential, to preserve an equilibrium in a scale, which requires unity and *general* exertion for support. If the author reverts to his primitive declaration, he will find, that controversies are repugnant to his wishes, an incitement to them is therefore evidently inconsistent. Though we have given publicity to the remarks, it behoves us to premise, that a perfect neutrality of opinion on either side will be maintained, and we must caution future writers to avoid topics of this nature.

The continuation of original letters was received too late for insertion this week.

ADMONITUS though ingenious in many places, should have inclined his subject to satire. The practice which he so seriously reprehends for the sake of giving repose to "young mothers," at the expense of their infants, can only be answered in the words of L'Hopital:

Can nature, like a step-mother, deny
The lacteal balm, the tender babe's supply?
Th' indulgent parent, from her copious stores,
The food of helpless infant life she pours,
To those vain females niggardly alone,
Whose pride and luxury her powers disown.
Observe the savage tyrants of the field,
They to th' unnatural mother lessons yield.
Does the fierce lioness, of horrid glare,
Neglect her savage charge, her rising care;
And her youngoffspring with obdurate heart,
To her fellneighbour's purchas'd care impart?

W is chaste and exemplary pious. We recommend practice as the best mean for advancing a poetical talent.—His favour is reserved for the ensuing number.

S shall have a place in our next.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY IRWIN AND KELLEY, NO. 76, NORTH FOURTH-STREET,
Where Subscriptions and Literary Communications will be received.